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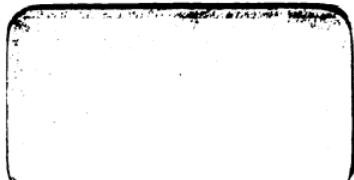
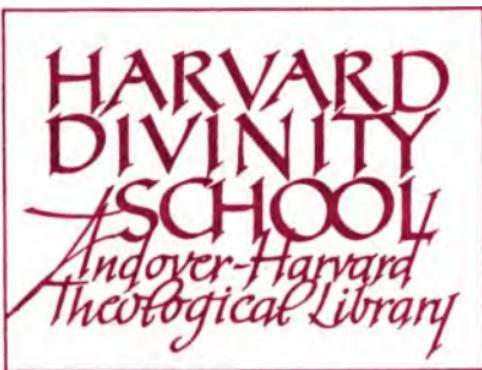
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THE

# FAMILY CHORAL:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES ESPECIALLY ADAPTED  
TO FAMILY AND SOCIAL WORSHIP, AND EMBRACING  
SOME OF THE MOST POPULAR REVIVAL  
MELODIES OF THE DAY.

BY REV. A. C. ROSE.

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." EPHESIANS, v. 19.

BOSTON:

HENRY V. DEGEN, 22 CORNHILL.

HAMILTON, C. W.

R. D. WADSWORTH, MAIN STREET.

1859.

~~Mar 11. 1859.~~

1869, May 22.  
By Exchange of  
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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

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## P R E F A C E.

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Family Devotion confers a plenitude of blessings, as a Divinely honored means of grace, not only upon the family, but also upon *society*, and more especially, the Church. To make this part of Divine worship more delightful and profitable therefore, is to benefit the world. To effect this, I know of nothing better adapted to the purpose than *appropriate* sacred music. Indeed, it may be said that family devotion is *essentially deficient* unless it be accompanied with some spiritual melody. I need not argue here the *duty* of family prayer; for to this every Christian head of a family is prompted by the Spirit of God, whatever may be the excuse pleaded for the neglect of it.

I may simply remark, that the design of this work is to assist in the very desirable reform of bringing about a *universal* practice and habit of singing in the public congregation, and *more especially* to aid in rendering the services of family devotion more lively, spiritual and profitable. The variety, we think, is ample, and the Hymns and tunes well adapted to these purposes. The work is by no means Denominational, but appropriate for every Christian family.

May the Holy Spirit inspire the devotions of every family while singing these "Hymns and Spiritual Songs."

A. C. R.

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## PISGAH. C. M.

9

MORNING AND EVENING.

Tenor.

1. How happy eve-ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-  
I seek my place in heaven, I seek my place in  
given! This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven:  
heaven, This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven.

- 2 A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, O, by faith I see;  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—  
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And ante-date that day:
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,—  
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 5 O would he more of heaven bestow!  
And when the vessels break,  
Let our triumphant spirits go  
To grasp the God we seek;
- 6 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me;  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
To all eternity.

MORNING.

*Not too fast.*

1. When morning's first and hallowed ray  
Breaks with its trembling light,  
To chase the pearly dews a - way, Bright tear - drops of the night.

2

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,  
But rises, gladly free,  
On wings of everlasting love,  
And finds its home in thee.

3

When evening's silent shades descend,  
And nature sinks to rest,  
Still to my Father and my Friend  
My wishes are addressed.

4

And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom  
Above, around, is spread,  
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom  
Are hovering o'er my head.

5

I dream of that fair land, O Lord,  
Where all thy saints shall be ;  
I wake to lean upon thy word,  
And still delight in thee.

SCT

MEMPHIS. C. M. WESTERN AIR. 11  
MORNING.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature (indicated by a '3'). The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The music features various note values including quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staff lines.

1. O ! how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis

2. My wak - ing eyes prevent the day, To

dai - ly my de - light ; And thence my med - i -  
med - i - state thy word ; My soul with long - ing

ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.  
melts a - way, To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,

And well employ my tongue,

And, through my weary pilgrimage,

Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,

Thy promises of grace

Are pillars to support my hope,

And there I write thy praise.

MORNING.

From the SHAWM. W. B. B.

**Allegro. Very animated and vigorous.**

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,  
2. The want of sight she well sup - plies;  
3. With joy we tread the des - ert through,

We walk through des - erts dark as night;  
She makes the pear - ly gates ap-peal;  
While faith in - spires a heavenly ray,

May be sung in Chorus, or as a Duett.

Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home,  
Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries,  
Tho' li - ons roar, and tem - pests blow,

Musical notation for the first two stanzas of the hymn. The music consists of three staves of five-line staff paper. The first stanza's lyrics are set to the first two staves, and the second stanza's lyrics are set to the third staff. The notes are primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and a fermata over the last note of the first stanza.

*God the Refuge and Portion of his People.*

1

God is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.

2

Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3

There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.

4

That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

## 14 A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A. D. M.

MORNING.



The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by 'C') and the third staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp (indicated by 'G'). The music uses a soprano vocal line with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are:

1. A home in heav'n ! what a joy - ful tho't,  
2. A home in heav'n ! as the sufferer lies

The musical score continues with three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time and the third staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music uses a soprano vocal line with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are:

As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot !  
On his bed of pain, and up - lifts his eyes

The musical score concludes with three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time and the third staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music uses a soprano vocal line with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are:

His heart op - prest, and with an - guish driv'n,  
To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n,

The musical notation consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are identical, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The third staff begins with a bass clef and continues in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes.

From his home be - low, to his home in heav'n.  
With the bless-ed thought of his home in heav'n.

## 3

A home in heaven ! when our pleasures fade,  
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;  
And strength decays, and our health is riven,  
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

## 4

A home in heaven ! when the faint heart bleeds,  
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds ;  
Oh ! then what bliss in that heart forgiven  
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

## 5

A home in heaven ! when our friends are fled  
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead ;  
We yet will hope on the promise given ;  
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

## 6

A home in heaven ! when the wheel is broke,  
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke ;  
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,  
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

## 7

Our home in heaven ! oh, the glorious home,  
There the Spirit join'd with the bride, says ' come !'  
Behold his face, and your sins forgiven,  
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

EVENING.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ;  
 2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs ;  
  
 3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green ;  
 4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er ;  
  
 In-fin-ite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.  
  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

*For the waters of salvation.*

- 1 Fountain of life, to all below  
Let thy salvation roll ;  
Water, replenish, and o'erflow  
Every believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,  
Us weary sinners take ;  
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,  
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,  
And we shall flow to thee,  
While down the stream of time we glide  
To our eternity.

EVENING.

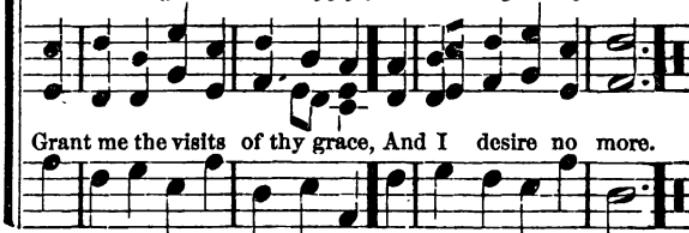
*Very Slow.*

1. My God, my portion, and my love, My ever-last-ing all!

2. What empty things are all the skies, And this inferior clod!

3. Let others stretch their arms like seas, And grasp in all the shore,

I've none but thee in heav'n above, Or on this earthly ball.  
There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God.



Grant me the visits of thy grace, And I desire no more.

*Evening: Numberless mercies.*

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts,  
Let warmest thanks arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was our sun and shie'd,  
Our keeper and our guide ;  
His care was on our weakness shown,—  
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,  
Do a new song require :  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

18 WOODSTOCK. C. M. J. DUTTON, JR.  
EVENING.

*Slow and Soft.*

1. I love to steal awhile a-way, From ev'ry cumb'ring  
 2. I love in sol - i-tude to shed The pen-i - ten - tial  
 3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good im -

4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in  
 5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing

care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful pray'r.  
 tear, And all his promi - ses to plead, Where none but God can hear.  
 plore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I adore.

heav'n, The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driv'n.  
 ray Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day.

*Preciousness of the Bible.*

- 1 How precious is the book divine,  
     By inspiration given ;  
     Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
     To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
     In this dark vale of tears ;  
     And life, and light, and joy imparts,  
     And banishes our fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
     Of life, shall guide our way ;  
     Till we behold the clearer light,  
     Of an eternal day.

## SABBATH. L. M. T. B. 19

SABBATH MORNING.

From the "GLORIA," by permission of  
A. B. KIDDER, proprietor of copyright.**Dolce.**

1. A - noth-er six days' work is done,  
 2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
 3. With joy, great God, thy works we view,  
 4. In ho - ly du - ties let the day,

A - noth-er Sabbath is be - gun ; Return, my  
 As grateful incense, to the skies, And draw from  
 In various scenes, both old and new : With praise we  
 In ho - ly pleasures pass a - way : How sweet a

soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day that God hath blest.  
 heav'n that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it knows !

think on mercies past; With hope, we future pleasures taste.  
 Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

## LOOK ALOFT. 11s.\*

From the "SHAWM."  
MORNING AND EVENING. W. B. B. Bloomfield, April 7, 1858.

1. In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
 2. If the friend who em-braced in pros - per - i - ty's glow,  
 3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,

Are a - round and a - bove, if thy foot - ing should fail,  
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,

Like the tints of the rainbow be swift - er to fly,

If thine eye should grow dim, and thy cau - tion de - part.  
 Should be - tray thee, when sorrows like clouds are ar - rayed,

Then turn, and through tears of re - - pent - ant re - gret,

\* The 3d verse will be easily adapted to the music by the use of the ties and small notes, which are not needed in the 1st and 2d verses.

## THE FAMILY CHORAL.

21

Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft,  
Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft,  
Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft,

Look a - loft to the friendship which nev-er shall fade,  
Look a - loft and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart,  
Look a - loft, to the Sun that is nev-er to set.

Look a - loft to the friendship which nev-er shall fade.  
Look a - loft and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart.  
Look a - loft, to the Sun that is nev-er to set.

22 BRIDGEWATER. L. M. EDSON.  
MORNING.

1. Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy  
2. Might I enjoy the meanest place, Within thy house, O  
3. God is our Sun, he makes our day; God is our Shield, he  
4. All needful grace will He bestow, And crown that grace with

presence springs ; To spend one day with  
God of grace ; Not tents of ease, nor

guards our way, From  
glo - ry too ; He gives us all things, and withholds No

thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thou - and days of mirth.  
thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes with-in.  
re - al good from upright souls, No real good from up - right souls.

## MUNICH. C. M. GERMAN. 23

MORNING.

*Con Animæ.*

1. O all ye na - tions praise the Lord,  
2. His love is great, his mer - cy sure,

His glo - rious acts proclaim ; The ful - ness  
And faith - ful is his word ; His truth for -

of his grace re - cord, And magni - fy his name.  
ev - er shall en - dure ; For - ev - er praise the Lord.

*Morning: Confident security.*

1

On thee, each morning, O my God,  
 My waking thoughts attend ;  
 In thee are founded all my hopes,—  
 In thee my wishes end.

2

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
 Thy boundless love surveys ;  
 And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares  
 A sacrifice of praise.

3

God leads me through the maze of sleep,  
 And brings me safe to light ;  
 And, with the same paternal care,  
 Conducts my steps till night.

4

When evening slumbers press mine eyes,  
 With his protection blest,  
 In peace, and safety, I commit  
 My wearied limbs to rest.

5

My spirit, in his hand secure,  
 Fears no approaching ill ;  
 For, whether waking or asleep,  
 The Lord is with me still.

*Light and glory of the sacred page.*

1

What glory gilds the sacred page !  
 Majestic, like the sun,  
 It gives a light to every age ;  
 It gives, but borrows none.

2

The power that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat ;  
 Its truths upon the nations rise :  
 They rise, but never set.

NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS. L. M. 25  
EVENING.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A  
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus, soon - er far, Let  
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus, that dear friend On  
 mor - tal man a - shamed of thee? A - shamed of  
 eve - ning blush to own a star; He sheds the  
 whom my hopes of heaven depend! No, when I  
 thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro'endless days?  
 beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.  
 blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

## 26 EVENING STAR. 7s &amp; 6s.

EVENING.

A. C. R. 1858

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '4') and G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp). The first staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes.

1 The mellow eve is glid-ing Serene-ly down the west;

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '4') and G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp). The first staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes.

2. The woodland hum is ringing The daylight's gentle close;

So every care sub - sid-ing, My soul would sink to rest.

May angels, round me singing, Thus hymn my last repose.

3

The evening star has lighted  
Her crystal lamp on high;  
So, when in death benighted,  
May hope illume the sky.

4

In golden splendor dawning  
The morrow's light shall break;  
O, on the last bright morning  
May I in glory wake.

## THE VOYAGE. H. M.

27

MORNING OR EVENING.

1. Thro' tribu - lation deep The way to glo - ry is; }  
This stormy course I keep O'er these tempestuous seas; }

2. Sometimes temptations blow A dreadful hur - ri - cane; }  
And high the waters flow, And o'er the sides break in; }

3. When I in my dis - tress My anchor, hope can cast }  
Within the promi - ses, It holds my ves - sel fast: }

By waves and winds I'm tossed and driv'n, Freighted with grace and bound  
[to heaven.]

But still my little ship outbraves The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

Safely she then at anchor rides, 'Mid stormy winds and swelling tides.

4

The Bible is my chart,  
By it the seas I know;  
I cannot with it part,  
It rocks and sands doth show;  
It is a chart and compass too,  
Whose needle points for ever true.

5

When through the voy'ge I get,  
(Though rough, it is but short,)  
The pilot angels meet,  
To bring me into port:  
And when I land on that blest shore,  
I shall be safe for evermore,

MORNING.

Mætæno.

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose  
 2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose  
 3. Lift up to God the voice of praise From  
 breath our souls in - spired, Loud, and more  
 good - ness, pass - ing thought, Loads eve - ry  
 whom sal - va - tion flows, Who sent his  
 loud, the anthems raise, With grate-ful ar-dor fired.  
 moment as it flies, With ben - e - fits unsought.  
 Son our souls to save From ev - er - last-ing woes.

## BLAGDEN. C. M. S. HILL. 29

EVENING.

From the "GLORIA," by permission.

In Choral Style.

1. Happy, for ev - er hap - py he Whose  
2. Re - mote from an - ger, noise, and strife, Sub -  
3. With ten - der pi - ty for the poor, He  
heart is cleansed from sin; His life is from re - mis - sive and re - signed, He leads a ho - ly,  
hears their plaintive cries, And out of his in -  
proaches free, His conscience is se - rene.  
peaceful life, Is loved of all man - kind.  
creasing store, Their ur - gent want sup - plies.

## 30 EVENING HYMN. C. M. DOUBLE.

From the "GLORIA." T. B

*Marcato.*

1. The heavenly spheres to thee, O God, At-

tune their evening hymn; All wise, all ho- ly, thou art

praised In song of ser - a - phim.

Soprano.

2. Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds, U -

Tutti.

nite to worship thee, While thy ma - jes - tic greatness

Tutti.

fills Space, time, e - ter - ni - ty.

MORNING OR EVENING.

1. What heavenly music do I hear, Sal - vation sounding free!  
 2. How sweetly do the tidings roll All round from sea to sea,  
 8. Good news, good news to Adam's race ; Let Christians all a - gree,

Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear, This is the Ju - bi - lee !  
 From land to land, From pole to pole, This is the Ju-bi - lee.  
 To sing redeeming love and grace, This is the Ju - bi - lee.

4

The gospel sounds a sweet release,  
 To all in misery,  
 And bids them welcome home to peace ;  
 This is the Jubilee.

5

Jesus is on the mercy-seat,  
 Before him bend the knee ;  
 Let heaven and earth his praise repeat ;  
 This is the Jubilee.

6

Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring  
 With songs of harmony ;  
 While on the road to Canaan sing,  
 This is the Jubilee.

*Sweetness of Submission.*

- 1 When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,  
And long to fly away ;—
  - 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward, to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above ;—
  - 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own ;—
  - 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on the promise of his grace  
For all things to depend ;—
  - 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.
  - 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Directly, Lord, from thee !
- 

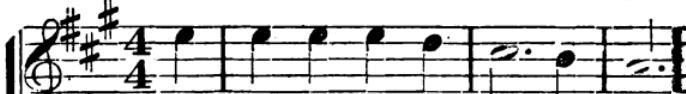
*Converse with Heaven.*

- 1 My thoughts surmount these lower skies,  
And look within the veil :  
There springs of endless pleasure rise ;  
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,  
The blessed Three in one ;  
And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands forever firm ;  
His grace shall ne'er depart :  
He binds my name upon his arm,  
And seals it on his heart.

## 34 "BLISSFUL SHORE." L. M.

MORNING.

A. C. R. 1858.



1. There is a land mine eye hath seen  
2. A land up - on whose bliss-ful shore



3. Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
4. There sweeps no des - o - lat - ing wind



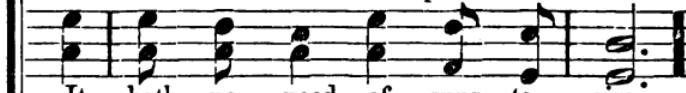
In vis - ions of en - rap-tured thought,  
There rests no shad - oow, falls no stain ;



With va - ry-ing hues of shade and light ;  
A - cross that calm, se - rene a - bode ;



So bright that all which spreads be - tween  
There those who meet shall part no more,



It hath no need of suns to rise,  
The wanderer there a home may find,



Is with its radiant glory fraught.  
And those long parted meet again.

To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.  
With - in the Par - a - dise of God.

*Self-dedication to the Lord.*

- 1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy :  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my thoughts are fix'd on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;  
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be  
That all I want I find in thee.

*Sustaining grace prayed for.*

- 1 Taught by our Lord, we will not pray  
Out of the world to be removed ;  
But keep us, in our evil day,  
Till patient faith is fully proved.
- 2 From sin, the world, and Satan's snare,  
The members of thy Son defend,  
Till all thy character we bear,  
And grace matured in glory end.

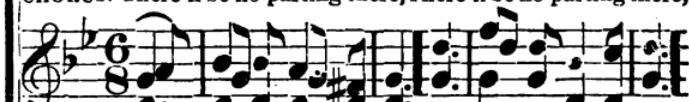
## 36 THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

EVENING.

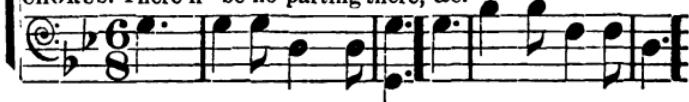
Arr. by Rev. W. Mc DONALD. By permission.



1. Far from these scenes of night, Unbounded glories rise,  
CHORUS. There'll be no parting there, There'll be no parting there,



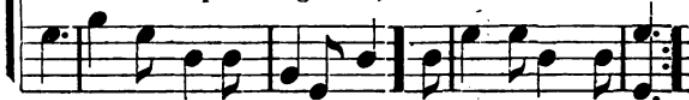
2. Fair land! could mortal eyes But half its charms explore,  
CHORUS. There'll be no parting there, &c.



And realms of joy and pure delight, Unknown to mortal eyes.  
In heaven alone, no sorrow's known, There'll be no parting there.



How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.



3 No cloud those regions know,  
Realms ever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,  
Bear every thought above,

5 Prepared, by grace divine,  
For thy bright courts on high,  
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

## WATCHMAN. S. M. LEACH. 37

MORNING.

1. My soul, be on thy guard ; Ten thousand

2. O, watch, and fight, and pray ; The battle

3. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee

foes a - rise ; The hosts of sin are pressing hard

ne'er give o'er ; Re-new it boldly eve - ry day,  
to thy God ; He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath,

To draw thee from the skies.

And help di - vine im - plore.  
To his di - vine a - bode.

MORNING OR EVENING.

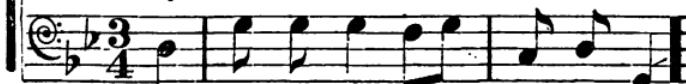
Slow.



1. What various hin - dran - ces we meet



2. Prayer makes the dark - est cloud withdraw,



In com - ing to the mer - cy seat;

Prayer climbs the lad - der Ja - cob saw;

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,

Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love,

But wish - es to be of - ten there.  
Brings eve - ry bless - ing from a - bove.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ear  
With a sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To Heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would often be,  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

*No success without God's blessing.*

- 1 Except the Lord our labors bless,  
In vain shall we desire success ;  
Except his guardian power restrain,  
The watchman waketh but in vain.
- 2 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee  
For guidance and for help to thee ;  
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,  
And in thy strength our work pursue.

EVENING OR MORNING.

Slow.

♩ = 3

♩ = 4

1. A charge to keep I have, A

2. To serve the pres - ent age, My

3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As

4. Help me to watch and pray, And

God to glo - ri - fy ; A nev - er - dy - ing  
call - ing to ful - fil, O may it all myin thy sight to live ; And O, thy ser-vant  
on thy - self re - ly, Assured if I mysoul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
powers en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.  
trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

## MORNING.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose  
 2. His power sub - dues our sins, And  
 3. High as the heavens are raised A -

mer - cies are so great; Whose anger is so  
 his for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is  
 bove the ground we tread, So far the rich-es

slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.  
 from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.  
 of his grace Our high - est thoughts ex-ceed.

MORNING.

1. Great God, with wonder and with praise On

2. Here are my choicest treasures hid; Here

3. Lord, make me un - derstand thy law; Show

all thy works I look; But still thy wisdom,

my best com-fort lies; Here my de - sires are

what my faults have been; And from thy gos - pel

pow'r and grace, Shine brightest in thy book.

sat - is - fied; And here my hopes a - rise.

let me draw The par-don of my sin.

## DUNDEE. C. M. RAVENSCROFT. 43

SABBATH MORNING.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My  
 2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To  
 3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The  
 voice as - cend-ing high; To thee will I di -  
 plead for all his saints; Pre - sent - ing, at the  
 wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be  
 rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.  
 Father's throne, Our songs and our com - plaints.  
 thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

44 GOULD. S. H. M. OR S. P. M.\* T. B.  
MORNING AND EVENING. From the "GLORIA." by permission.

1 Faith is the Christian's prop, Whereon his sorrows  
2. Faith is the po-lar star That guides the Christian's  
3. Faith is the rainbow's form Hung on the brow of  
4. The faith that works by love, And pu - ri - fies the  
lean; It is the substance of his hope,  
way, Di - rects his wand'rings from a - far,  
heaven, The glo - ry of the pass - ing storm;  
heart, A fore - taste of the joys a - bove,  
His proof of things un - seen; It is the  
To realms of end - less day; It points the  
The pledge of mer - cy given; It is the  
To mor - tals can im - part; It bears us

\* By using slurs in the 5th line.

anchor of his soul, When tempests rage and billows roll.  
course where'er he roam, And safely leads the pilgrim home.

bright triumphal arch, Thro' which the saints to glory march.  
thro' this earthly strife, And triumphs in im-mor-tal life.

*The Majesty of God.*

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crowned,  
    Arrayed in robes of Light,  
    Begirt with sovereign might,  
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,  
The world securely stands,  
And skies and stars obey thy word ;  
    Thy throne was fixed on high  
    Ere stars adorned the sky ;  
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their power engage ;  
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;  
    The terrors of thy frown  
Shall calm their fury down ;  
    Thy throne forever stands on high. .
- 4 Thy promises are true ;  
Thy grace is ever new ;  
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove ;  
    Thy saints, with holy fear,  
Shall in thy courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting love.

SABBATH MORNING.

1. My op' - ning eyes with rap - ture see  
 2. I yield my heart to thee a - lone,  
 3. O bid the tri - fling world re - tire,  
 4. Then, to thy courts when I re - pair,

The dawn of thy re - turn - ing day,  
 Nor would re - ceive an - oth - er guest;

And drive each car - nal thought a . way,  
 My soul shall rise on joy - ful wing,

My thoughts, O God, as - cend to thee,  
 E - ter - nal King! e - rect thy throne,

Nor let me feel one vain de - sire.  
 The won - ders of thy love de - clare,

While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.  
And reign sole mon - arch in my breast.

One sin - ful thought, through all the day.  
And join the strains which an - gels sing.

*Infinite indebtedness.*

- 1 Great God, let all our tuneful powers  
Awake, and sing thy mighty Name :  
Thy hand revolves the circling hours—  
Thy hand, from whence our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round  
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;  
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,  
To thee successive honours raise.
- 3 Our life, and health, and friends, we owe  
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;  
Ten thousand precious gifts below,  
And hope of nobler joys above.
- 4 Thus may we sing till nature cease,—  
Till sense and language are no more ;  
And, after death, thy boundless grace  
Through everlasting years adore.

MORNING.

*Con Spirito.*

1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb,  
 2. Let el - ders wor - ship at his feet,  
 3. Those are the prayers of all the saints,

A - mid his Fath - er's throne ; Pre - pare new  
 The church a - dore a - round, With vi - als  
 And these the hymns they raise : Je - sus is

hon - ors for his name,..... And  
 full of o - dors sweet,..... And  
 kind to our com - plaints ;..... He

songs be-fore unknown, And songs be - fore unknown.  
harps of sweet-er sound, And harps of sweet-er sound.  
  
loves to hear our praise, He loves to hear our praise.

*The whole Armor.*

- 1 O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,  
And to thy armor cling ;  
With girded loins the call obey  
That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,  
An upward race to run,  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A victory to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart  
That Satan's hand may throw ;  
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,  
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
Thee on thy anxious road ;  
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,  
And guide thee to thy God.
- 5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs  
Are heard before his throne ;  
The race must come before the prize,  
The cross before the crown.

MORNING.

From the "SHAWM," by permission.

**Moderately Quick.**

1. Sweet harp of Ju - dah, shall thy sound  
 2. No; for to high - er worlds be - long

3. Yet, harp of Ju - dah! rung thy strain,

No more be heard on earth - ly ground?  
 The won - ders of thy sa - cred song;

And woke thy glo - ries not in vain;

No mor - tal raise the lay a - gain,  
 Thy proph - et - bards might sweep thy chords,

Yet, tho' in dust thy fame be hurled,

The musical score consists of two staves of four-line staff paper. The top staff begins with a whole note followed by a half note, then a dotted half note, a quarter note, and another dotted half note. The bottom staff begins with a whole note followed by a half note, then a dotted half note, a quarter note, and another dotted half note. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are as follows:

That rung through Ju - dah's saint - ed reign.  
Thy glo - rious burthen was the Lord's,  
Thy spir - it rules a wid - er world,

That rung through Ju - dah's saint - ed reign ?  
Thy glo - rious burthen was the Lord's.  
Thy spir - it rules a wid - er world.

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,  
I could for ever think and sing ;  
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve,  
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given !  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven :  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul :  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood ;  
He closed his eyes to show us God ;  
Let all the world fall down and know  
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan !  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.

52 COMPLAINT. L. M. PARMENTER.  
MORNING AND EVENING.

Popular American tune.

Allegro Ma:terate.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our  
Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our  
sun go down at noon; Thy  
sun go down at noon;  
Thy years are one e-  
Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And  
years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children  
Thy years are  
ter - nal day, And must thy chil - - dren

must thy children die so soon? Thy years are one eter-nal day,  
die so soon?  
one e - ter-nal day, Thy years are one e - ter-nal day,  
die so soon.

And must thy chil - dren die so soon?  
And must thy chil - dren die so soon?

*The God exemplified in the Conduct.*

- 1 So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride ;  
While justice temperance, truth, and love,  
Our inward viety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

## 54 OLD HUNDRED. L. M. M. LUTHER.

SABBATH EVENING.

1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high,

2. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow,

And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,

Praise Him all crea - tures here be - low,

So let it be on earth dis - played,

Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host,

Till thou art here as there o - obeyed.  
 Praise FA - THER, SON, and HO - LY GHOST.  
*Sabbath evening : Thy kingdom come.*

- 1 Millions within thy courts have met,  
Millions this day before thee bow'd ;  
Their faces Zionward were set,—  
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd.
- 2 But thou, soul-searching God ! hast known  
The hearts of all that bent the knee ;  
And hast accepted those alone,  
Who in the spirit worshipp'd thee.
- 3 People of many a tribe and tongue,  
Of various languages and lands,  
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,  
And offer'd prayer with holy hands.

*On changing place of abode.*

- 1 Sole Sov'reign of the earth and skies,  
Supremely good, supremely wise,  
Fix thou the place of our abode,  
But let it still be near our God.
- 2 On earth we weary pilgrims roam,  
Nor find, nor hope, a lasting home ;  
We seek a house not made with hands,  
A heavenly house, which ever stands.

EVENING.

*Sempre Legato.*

# 3  
2

1. O Lord, thy ten - der mer - cy hears Con -  
2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace, A

# 3  
2

3. O shine on this be - night-ed heart, With

@# 3  
2

tri - tion's humble sigh; Thy hand in - dul - gent  
sin - ful wanderer mourn; Hast thou not bid me

beams of mer - cy shine, And let thy heal - ing

wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye.  
seek thy face, Hast thou not said re - turn?

voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine.

*The Hope, the Star, the Voice.*

1

There is a hope, a blessed hope,  
 More precious and more bright  
 Than all the joyless mockery  
 The world esteems delight.

2

There is a star, a lovely star,  
 That lights the darkest gloom,  
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
 The prospects of the tomb.

3

There is a voice, a cheering voice,  
 That lifts the soul above,  
 Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,  
 And whispers, "God is love."

4

That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,  
 Proclaims the soul forgiven ;  
 That star is revelation's light ;  
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

*Acquiescence in the Divine will.*

1

Author of good, we rest on thee :  
 Thine ever watchful eye  
 Alone our real wants can see,—  
 Thy hand alone supply.

2

In thine all gracious providence  
 Our cheerful hopes confide ;  
 O let thy power be our defence,—  
 Thy love our footsteps guide.

3

Not what we wish, but, what we want,  
 Let mercy still supply :  
 The good unask'd, O Father, grant ;  
 The ill, though ask'd, deny.

MORNING.



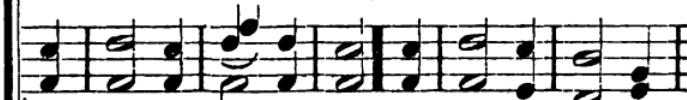
1. Oh hap - py is the man who hears  
2. For she has treas - ures great - er far



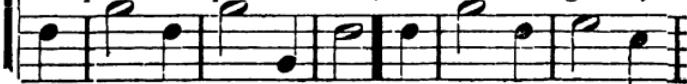
3. She guides the young with in - nocence



Instruction's warning voice, And who ce - les - tial  
Than east or west un - fold, And her re - wards more



In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glo - ry



wis - dom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.  
pre - cious are Than all their stores of gold.



she be - stows Up - on the hoa - ry head.



## KILMARNOCK. C. M. SCOTCH TUNE. 59

EVENING.

Moderato.

1. Great God, to thee my eve - ning song With  
 2. My days, uncloud - ed as they pass, And

3. Thy love and pow'r ce - les - tial guard, Pre -  
 4. Let this blest hope mine eye - lids close; With

grat - i - tude I raise; O let thy mer - cy  
 eve - ry fleet - ing hour, Are mon-u - ments of

serve me from all harm: Can danger reach me  
 sleep re - fresh my frame; Safe in thy care may

tune my tongue, And fill my heart with praise.  
 wondrous grace— Of mer - cy, love, and power.

while the Lord Ex tends his migh - ty arm?  
 I re - pose, And wake to praise thy Name.

## MORNING.

1. How hap - py is the pil - grim's lot;  
 2. No foot of land do I possess;  
 3. Not-hing on earth I call my own;  
  
 How free from eve - ry anxious thought,  
 No cot - tage in this wil - der - ness;  
 A stran - ger to the world, unknown,  
  
 From world - ly hope and fear! Con-fined to  
 A poor way - far - ing man, I lodge a -  
 I all their goods despise; I tram - ple

nei - ther court nor cell, His soul dis -  
 while in tents be - low; Or glad-ly  
 on their whole de - light, And seek a

dains on earth to dwell, He on - ly  
 wander to and fro, Till I my  
 ci - ty out of sight, A ci - ty

so journs here, He on - ly sojourns here.  
 Ca - naan gain, Till I my Canaan gain.  
 in the skies, A ci - ty in the skies.

[6]

62 MY MOTHER'S LAST GIFT. C. M.  
EVENING.

1. This book is all that's left me now ! Tears  
2. Ah ! well do I re - member those Whose  
3. My father read this ho - ly book To

will un - bid - den start ; With falt'ring lip and

names these records bear ; Who round the hearth-stone  
brothers, sis - ters dear — How calm was my poor

throbbing brow, I press it to my heart ;

used to close, Af - ter the evening prayer,  
mother's look, Who loved God's word to hear ;

For many gen-erations pass'd, Here is our family tree;

And speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill,  
Her angel face—I see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come!

My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd; She, dying, gave it me.

Tho' they are with the silent dead, Here are they living still.  
Again that lit-tle group is met, Within the walls of home.

4

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried ;  
When all were false I've found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasure give,  
That could this volume buy—  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

## 64 "BRIGHT LITTLE STAR." C. M.

EVENING HYMN FOR CHILDREN. Arr. for this work, by A. C. R.

1. Bright lit - tle star on evening's breast,  
 2. And I, when I have bent the knee,

3. And thinking on that brighter star  
 4. And O, when I at last shall lie

How beams thy gold en light : But fast thou'rt  
 And rais'd my evening prayer To Him who

That once o'er Bethlehem rose, And eas - tern  
 In death's cold slumber down, May then my

sinking in the west, Sweet lit-tle star, good night !  
 made both thee and me, Shall to my rest re - pair.

sa - ges led a - far, I'll sink to sweet re - pose.  
 spir - it shine on high, A star in Je - sus' crown.

EVENING.

1. O, 'tis.... a scene the heart to move,  
2. What though the num - ber be but small ?  
3. O, come, then, and, with joint ac - cord,  
When, at the close of day, Whom God u-nites in  
When - ev - er two or three Join on the Saviour's  
In so - cial worship meet; And, mindful of the  
Chris - tian love U - nite their thanks to pay.  
name to call, There in the midst is he.  
Sa - viour's word, The Sa - viour's love entreat.

## 66 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. MARSH.

MORNING.



1. Now the shades of night are gone;
2. Make our souls as noon - day clear;
3. When our work of life is past,



Now is past the ear - ly dawn : Lord, we would be  
Banish eve - ry doubt and fear ; In thy vineyard,  
O, re - ceive us all at last : Labor then will



thine to - day ; Drive the shades of sin away.  
Lord, to - day, We would labor, we would pray.  
all be o'er ; Sin's dark night will be no more.



*Gratitude and Supplication.*

1

Thou that dost my life prolong,  
 Kindly aid my morning song ;  
 Thankful, from my couch I rise,  
 To the God that rules the skies.

2

Thou didst hear my evening cry ;  
 Thy preserving hand was nigh :  
 Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,  
 Grateful to my weary head.

3

Thou hast kept me through the night ;  
 'Twas thy hand restored the light :  
 Lord, thy mercies still are new,  
 Plenteous as the morning dew.

4

Still my feet are prone to stray ;  
 O, preserve me through the day :  
 Dangers every where abound ;  
 Sins and snares beset me round.

5

Gently, with the dawning ray,  
 On my soul thy beams display ;  
 Sweeter than the smiling morn,  
 Let thy cheering light return.

---

*Power of Religion.*

1

'Tis religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die.

2

After death its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity !  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

## 68 "MY BELOVED." 11s &amp; 8s.

EVENING.

1. O thou in whose presence - my  
2. O why should I wan - der an

soul takes delight, On whom in af - fliction I  
a-lien from thee, Or cry in the desert for

call ; My comfort by day and my song in the  
bread ; Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they



- 3 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone :  
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone.
- 4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death ;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 5 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
To water the gardens of grace ;  
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,  
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 6 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word ;  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

*Morning Devotion.*

- 1 Father of mercies ! when the day is dawning,  
Then will I pay my vows to thee :  
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning,  
My heart-felt praise to heaven shall be.
- 2 Yes, thou art near me ; sleeping or awaking,  
Still doth thy care unchang'd remain ;  
If ever I wander, thy ways forsaking,  
O lead me gently back again.

## 70 "WHAT IS LIFE?" C. H. M.

MORNING HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

A. C. B. 1858.

1. Lord, what is life? 'Tis like a flower That blossoms and is gone: }  
We see it flour-ish for an hour, With all its beauty on ; }

2. Lord, what is life? 'Tis like the bow That glistens in the sky: }  
We love to see its colors glow, But while we look they die: }

But death comes like a wintry day, And cuts the lovely flow'r a-way.

Life fail-s as soon ; to-day 'tis here ; To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

## 3

Six thousand years are pass'd away  
Since life began at first,  
And millions, once alive and gay,  
Are dead, and in the dust ;  
For life, in all its health and pride,  
Has death still waiting at its side.

## 4

Lord, what is life? — If spent with thee  
In duty, praise and prayer?  
However long or short it be,  
We need but little care ;  
Because eternity will last,  
When life, and even death art past..

MARTYN. 7s. DOUBLE. MARSH. 71  
SABBATH MORNING AND EVENING.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff is in common time (indicated by 'C') and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and ends with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and ends with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are as follows:

Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly  
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she lov'd had

D. C. Trembling while a crystal flood, Issued from her weeping

**Fine.**

dawn, } { For a while she ling'ring stood, }  
gone: } { Filled with sorrow and sur - prise;

eyes.

**D.C.**

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,  
When she heard his welcome voice :  
Christ had risen from the dead,  
Now he bids her heart rejoice.  
What a change his word can make,  
Turning darkness into day!  
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
He will wipe your tears away.

*Sabbath Evening.*

1 Softly fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day ;  
Gently as life's setting sun,  
When the Christian's course is run.  
Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth, as daylight fades ;  
All things tell of calm repose  
At the holy Sabbath's close.

## EVENING.

False are the men of high de - gree, The  
  
 ba - ser sort are van - i - ty ;  
  
 Laid  
 Laid in a balance  
  
 Laid, &c.  
 in a balance both appear, Light as a puff of  
  
 Laid, &c.  
  
 both appear, Light as a puff of emp - - ty

empty air, Light, as a puff of emp-ty air.  
air, Light, &c.

*Trusting God.*

1

Glory to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light:  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The ills which I this day have done;  
 That with the world, myself, and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3

Teach me to live that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed;  
 Teach me to die that so I may  
 With joy behold the judgment day.

4

Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;  
 Thy watchful station near me keep,  
 My heart with love celestial fill,  
 And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5

Lord, let my heart forever share  
 The bliss of thy paternal care:  
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
 To see thy face and sing thy love.

## MORNING.

1. O God, my God, my All thou art !  
 2. For thee my thirs - ty soul doth pant,

Ere shines the dawn of ris - ing day,  
 While in this des - ert land I live ;

Thy sovereign light with - in my heart,  
 And hun - gry as I am, and faint,

Thy all en - livening power dis - play.  
 Thy love a - lone can com - fort give.

## 3

In a dry land, behold I place  
 My whole desire on thee, O Lord,  
 And more I joy to gain thy grace,  
 Than all earth's treasures can afford.

## 4

More dear than life itself, thy love  
 My heart and tongue shall still employ ;  
 And to declare thy praise will prove  
 My peace, and glory, and my joy.

## 5

In blessing thee with grateful songs,  
 My happy life shall glide away :  
 The praise that to thy name belongs,  
 Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

## 6

Abundant sweetness, while I sing  
 Thy love, my ravished heart o'erflows,  
 Secure in thee my God and King,  
 Of glory that no period knows.

## 7

Thy name, O, God, upon my bed,  
 Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought :  
 With trembling awe, in midnight shade,  
 I muse on all thy hands have wrought,

## 8

In all I do I feel thine aid ;  
 Therefore thy greatness will I sing,  
 O God, who bid'st my heart be glad,  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing !

## 9

My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee,  
 Then let or earth or hell assail,  
 Thy mighty hand shall set me free ;  
 For whom thou say'st, he ne'er shall fail.

## EVENING.

1. Great God, to thee my evening song,  
 2. My days, un - cloud - ed as they pass,

With hum - ble grat - i - tude, I raise ;  
 And eve - ry gent - ly - roll - ing hour,

O, let thy mer - cy tune my tongue,  
 Are mon - u - ments of won - drous grace,

And fill my heart with live - ly praise.  
 And wit - ness to thy love and power.

## 3

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
 Too oft, regardless of thy love,  
 Ungrateful can from thee depart,  
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

## 4

Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
 Of Jesus : his dear name alone  
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.

## 5

Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;  
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;  
 Safe in thy care may I repose,  
 And wake with praises to thy name.

*Evening : Memorials of His grace.*

## 1

Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—  
 Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

## 2

Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I, perhaps, am near my home :  
 But he forgives my follies past,  
 And gives me strength for days to come.

## 3

I lay my body down to sleep ;  
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

## 4

Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

MORNING.

See what a liv - ing stone, The  
 buil-ders did re - fuse. Yet God hath built his  
 Yet  
 Yet God hath built his church there -

Yet God hath built his church there - on,  
 church yet, &c.

God hath built his church..... there - on,  
 on, Yet, &c.

*Trusting in God.*

- 1 I lift my soul to God;  
My trust is in his name:  
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,  
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 From early dawning light  
Till evening shades arise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,  
With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind;  
The meek shall learn his ways,  
And every humble sinner find  
The blessings of his grace.

*The universal diffusion.*

- 1 Jesus, thy word bestow,—  
The true immortal seed;  
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,  
And all our lands o'erspread;
- 2 Through earth extended wide  
Shall mightily prevail,—  
Destroy the works of self and pride,  
And shake the gates of hell.

MORNING.

1. Didst thou, dear Saviour, suf - fer shame,  
2. In - spire my soul with life di - vine,  
And bear the cross for me ?  
And make me tru - ly bold ;  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Let knowledge, faith, and meek-ness shine,



- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,  
And treat me with disdain ;  
Still may I glory in thy name,  
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my powers resign ;  
Let wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I'll no more repine.

*Renunciation of the World for Christ.*

- 1 Ye earthly vanities, depart ;  
Forever hence remove ;  
For Christ alone deserves my heart,  
And every thought of love.
- 2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt  
In all their softest forms,  
Sustained the heavy load of guilt  
For lost, rebellious worms.
- 3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,  
And yet ungrateful prove ?  
And pierce his wounded heart anew,  
And grieve his injured love ?
- 4 Great God, forbid : O, bind this heart,  
This roving heart of mine,  
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,  
In chains of love divine.

## 82 EXHORTATION. C. M.

MORNING.

On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And

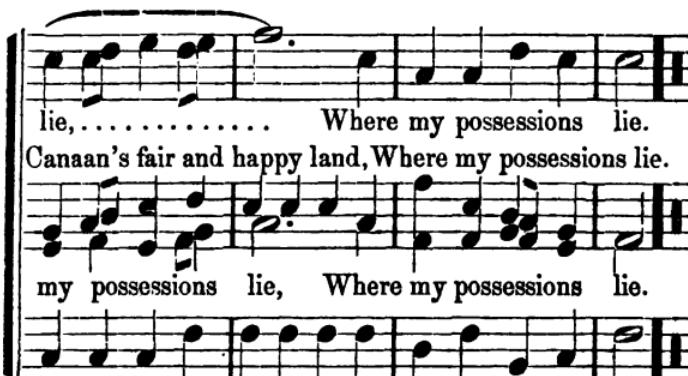
cast.... a wish - ful eye, To

To Canaan's fair and

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions  
Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, Where

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, To

happy land, Where my possessions lie, . . . To



Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

*The Martyrs glorified.*

- 1 "These glorious minds, how bright they shine !  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the happy seats  
Of everlasting day ?"
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
These robes, which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every lip to sing ;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Their thirst and hunger ever flee ;  
Their joys forever last ;  
The fruit of life's immortal tree  
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock  
Where living fountains rise ;  
And love divine shall wipe away  
The sorrows of their eyes.

## MORNING.

From the "GLORIA," by permission.

1. Hark ! hark, the notes of joy Roll o'er the

2. Bear, bear the tidings round, Let eve - ry

3. Strike, strike the harps a - gain, To great Im -

heavenly plains, And seraphs find employ For their sub -

mor - tal know, What love in God is found, What pi-ty  
manuel's name, A - rise, ye sons of men, And all his

lim-est strains, Some new de - light in heaven is known,

he can show, Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,  
grace proclaim, Angels and men, wake eve - ry string,

Loud ring the harps a - round the throne.  
Con - vey the news from pole to pole.  
'Tis God the Sa - viour's praise we sing.

*God's wondrous Love.*

**1** O for a shout of joy,  
Loud as the theme we sing !  
To this divine employ

Your hearts and voices bring ;  
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,  
The love, th' eternal love of God.

**2** Unnumbered myriads stand,  
Of seraphs bright and fair,  
Or bow at his right hand,  
And pay their homage there ;  
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,  
To sound the wondrous love of God.

**3** Yet sinners saved by grace,  
In songs of lower key,  
In every age and place,  
Have sung the mystery ;  
Have told in strains of sweet accord,  
The love, the sovereign love of God.

**4** Though earth and hell assail,  
And doubts and fears arise,  
The weakest shall prevail,  
And grasp the heavenly prize,  
And through an endless age record  
The love, th' unchanging love of God.

MORNING.

The God we worship now, Will guide us till we

die ; Will

Will be our God while here below, And

Will be our God while

Will be our God while here below, Will be our God while

be our God while here below, And ours above the sky.  
ours above the sky, And ours a - bove the sky.

here below, . . . And ours above the sky.

here be - low, . . . And ours a - bove the sky.

*Morning : Tribute of praise.*

- 1** See how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way ;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2** Thus would my rising soul,  
Its heavenly Parent sing,  
And to its great Original,  
The humble tribute bring.
- 3** Serene I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care ;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near !
- 4** My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.

---

*Living by Faith.*

- 1** If on a quiet sea  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2** But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3** Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield at thy control ;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
- 4** Teach us, in every state,  
To make thy will our own,  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

A. C. B. 1858.

84

1. O Lord, thro' thy indulgent care, In  
2. No sad alarm my slumbers broke, No

84

3. Preserve me from all ill, I pray, And  
4. Lord, con-descend to aid a child To

C4

peace I laid me down; And now thy soft, bright  
ter - ror, fear, or dread; No sickness seized my

84

guide me with thine eye; And grant that tho' the  
praise the Saviour's love; O let me live to

#4

beams of love My waking moments crown.  
tender frame, Nor flames came round my bed.

84

passing day I may on thee re - ly.  
thee be - low, And dwell with thee a - bove

*God our Keeper.*

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes ;  
There all my hopes are laid ;  
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,  
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall  
Whom he designs to keep ;  
His ear attends their humble call,  
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure ;  
Thy keeper is the Lord ;  
His wakeful eyes employ his power  
For thine eternal guard.

*His sympathizing love.*

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In every trying hour.

A. C. R. 1858.

1. Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious; See the Man of sorrows now ;  
From the fight returned victorious, Every knee to him shall bow : }

2. Crown the Saviour, angels,crown him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone him, While the heavenly concave rings: }

**Crown Him! CROWN HIM!! CROWN HIM!!!** Crowns become the Victor's  
[brow.]

**Crown Him! CROWN HIM!! CROWN HIM!!!** Crown the Saviour King of  
[kings.]

8 Sinners in derision crowned him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name :  
Crown him, crown him ;  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !  
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords !  
Jesus takes the highest station ;  
O, what joy the sight affords !  
Crown him, crown him,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
CHORUS. I do believe, I now believe, I can hold out no more,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.  
I sink by dying love compell'd, And own thee conqueror.

2  
Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.  
I do believe, &c.

3  
E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, 'till I die.  
I do believe, &c.

4  
And when this lisping, faltering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save.  
I do believe, &c.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor  
Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine; That heavenly

*m*

## CHORUS.

death can enter there: }  
mansion shall be mine. } I'm go-ing home, I'm going home,

I'm go-ing home to die no more. To die no

more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky :  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.  
I'm going home, &c.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;  
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.  
I'm going home, &c.

4 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;  
Be mine a happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.  
I'm going home, &c.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be,  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.  
I'm going home, &c.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my  
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its

Saviour and my God! } Hap - py day, hap - py  
rap - tures all a - broad. }

End.

day ! When Jesus washed my sins a - way ; He taught me

End with 2d Strain.

how to watch and pray, And live rejoic-ing every day,

## 2

O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love !  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

## 3

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
 I am my Lord's and he is mine ;  
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

## 4

Now rest my long-divided heart ;  
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
 With him of every good possess'd.

## 5

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

## 96 HOMEWARD-BOUND. 10s &amp; 4s.

Arranged by J. W. DADMUN.

Allegro.

{ 1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we  
Tossed on the waves of a rough rest - less  
Prom - ise of which on us each he be -

Fine.

ride, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.  
tide, We're, &c.  
stowed, We're, &c.

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode,

D.C.

Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode.

## 2

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,

We're homeward bound.

Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,

We're homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel,

Steady ! we soon shall outweather the gale,

O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,

We're homeward bound.

## 3

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,

We're home at last.

Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,

We're home at last.

Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er,

We stand secure on the glorified shore,

Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,

We're home at last.

## HEAVEN.

*Not too fast.*

1. We sing, we sing of the realms of the blest, That  
 2. We speak, we speak of its freedom from sin, From  
 3. We speak, we speak of its service of love, Of  
 4. Do thou, do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe, Still for

country so bright and so fair: And oft are its glories con -  
 sorrow, temptation, and care, From trials without and with -  
 robes which the glorified wear: The church of the first-born a -  
 heaven our spirits pre - pare; And shortly we al - so shall

fessed, confessed, But what will it be to be there?  
 - in, with-in, But what must it be to be there?  
 bove, a-bove, But what must it be to be there?  
 know, shall know, And feel what it is to be there?

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## HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.



1 Poor and needy though I be, God my Maker cares for me,



Gives me clothing, shelter, food, Gives me all I have of good.



2

He will listen when I pray,  
He is with me night and day ;  
When I sleep and when I wake,  
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3

He who reigns above the sky  
Once became as poor as I ;  
He whose blood for me was shed,  
Had not where to lay his head !

4

Though I labor here awhile,  
He will bless me with his smile ;  
And when this short life is past,  
I shall rest with him at last.

100 ADORATION. C. M. REV. W. FORD.

To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,

Who sweetly all a - gree ; To save a world of

sin - ners lost, E - ter - nal glo - ry be.

*Prayer for strong Faith.*

1

O for a faith that will not shrink,  
 Though pressed by every foe,  
 That will not tremble on the brink  
 Of any earthly woe !

2

That will not murmur nor complain  
 Beneath the chastening rod,  
 But in the hour of grief or pain,  
 Will lean upon its God.

3

A faith that shines more bright and clear  
 When tempests rage without ;  
 That when in danger knows no fear,  
 In darkness feels no doubt.

4

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,  
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;  
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
 Nor Satan's arts beguile.

5

A faith that keeps the narrow way  
 Till life's last hour is fled,  
 And with a pure and heavenly ray  
 Lights up a dying bed.

6

Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
 And then, whate'er may come,  
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
 Of an eternal home.

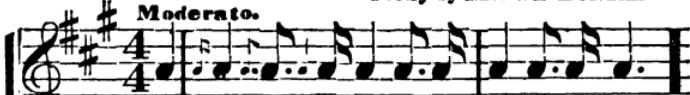
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*Doxology.*

Let God the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit, be adored,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

## 102 THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. 11s &amp; 12s.

Poetry by Rev. WM. HUNTER.

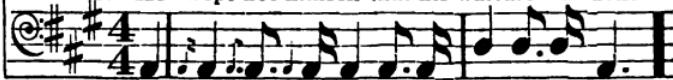
*Moderato.*

1. A-way from his home and the friends of his youth,

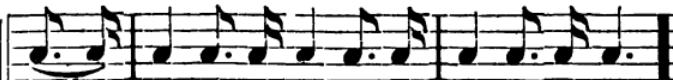


2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's bright test bloom,

3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done:



He hast-ed the herald of mer-cy and truth;

One gift-ed so high-ly should sink to the tomb ;  
The battle was fought, and the vic-to - ry won ;

For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost ;

For in ar-dor he led in the van of the host,  
But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,

Soon a - las ! was his fall, but he died at his post,  
 And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post,  
 "Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post,  
 Soon, a - las ! was his fall, but he died at his post.  
 And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.  
 Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post.\*

4

He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse :  
 He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse :  
 But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,  
 That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5

Victorious his fall — for he rose as he fell,  
 With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell ;  
 He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,  
 For he fell like a martyr — he died at his post.

6

And can we the words of our brother forget ?  
 Oh, no ! they are fresh in our memory yet :  
 An example so sacred shall never be lost,  
 We will fall in the work — we will die at our post.

\* Dying words of the Rev. Thomas Drummond.

## 104 I LOVE THEE. 7, 6, 4.

Slow.



1. Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne.



2. Speak, Lord, speak. I implore thee, Say, say I shall be thine;

3. Faith, faith now has embraced thee, Hope, hope pierces the skies,



Thou, thou knowest that I love thee, Am I not surely thine own?

Thou, thou knowest that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine,  
Joy, joy now hath o'erwhelmed me, On wings of bright glory I rise,

O Lord, my God! am I not surely thine own?

Je-sus, my God! say but that thou wilt be mine.  
Glo-ry! glo-ry! I am for-ev-er thine \ own.

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